

Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

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Number 3



Under the American political system, each 4th yr we put Reason and Reality on a high shelf, well out of reach, and dwell in a sort of Alice in Wonderland. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say *Blunderland*. The President's message to Congress heralds the beginning of this Fantastic Fourth. It was in some degree dictated by HENRY WALLACE. We forecast mo's ago that Mr TRUMAN would lean increasingly to the Left, but WALLACE entry accentuates this move. Administration will try to demonstrate that luster of liberalism is still in the party of ROOSEVELT. Obvious move to minimize WALLACE votes in states where he can be a factor. (WALLACE does worry Democrats despite their talk.) Everyone accepts message as mere political document. Typical paradox: TRUMAN recommends higher corporate tax, while asking industry to invest \$50 billion "to help boost production." Pervading Administration philosophy will of course temper this yr's legislation. There's no point in running headlong into White House stone-wall. So Congress will concentrate on bills President must sign, or measures temperate enough to outride his veto. Yes, all in all, we think you can safely mark up the next 12 mo's as a recess from Reason. "It's an Election Yr!"

MAY WE *Quote* YOU ON THAT?

JAS TURNER, pres of the International Federation of Agricultural Producers: "It is diabolical that it takes a world war to assure farmers that the things they produce are wanted." 1-Q

Sen ARTHUR CAPPER, of Kansas: "Congress will be fighting and feuding over feeding and fueling Europe for mo's to come." 2-Q

ERNEST L PUGMIRE, Nat'l commander of Salvation Army: "I foresee peace and abundance in 2004 because the greed and lust of the 20th century will have been brought into the open where they can be seen and destroyed. The destruction of these evils began in 1947 with our determined effort to aid the suffering people of Europe." 3-Q

CLEMENT ATTLEE, British Prime Minister: "Where there is no political freedom, privilege and injustice creep back. In Communist Russia, 'privilege for the few' is a growing phenomenon, and the gap between the highest and lowest incomes is constantly widening." 4-Q

Rep W KINGSLAND MACY, of N Y: "Some sources have estimated that between 4 and 12% of the total steel output of the country finds its way into this vicious (black) mkt. At average black mkt prices, this would amount to a \$1 billion business." 5-Q

Maj Gen'l Wm J DONOVAN, U S army: "We must not run away from the compelling fact that we

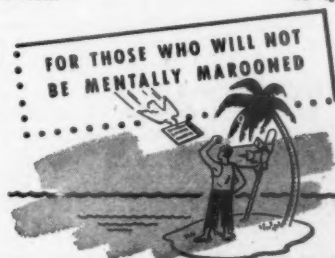
will get security only if we face up to it and equip ourselves in a moral and practical sense to achieve it." 6-Q

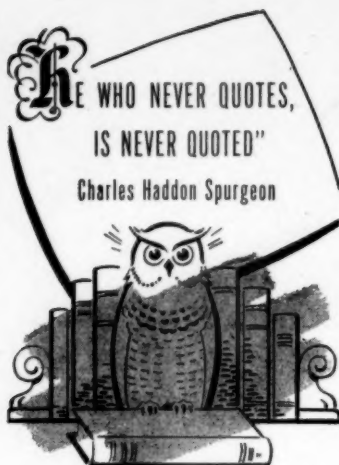
Dean J J OPPENHEIMER, Univ of Louisville's College of Arts and Science: "We are losing the best brains the high schools have to offer us because they are unable economically to enter college." 7-Q

H C MOORE, pres, Ky Coal Agency: "In the not-too-distant future, coal will be mined and treated as one of our precious minerals." 8-Q

Jos M PROSKAUER, nat'l pres, American Jewish Committee, declaring present low status of organized anti-Semitism affords "a precious opportunity" for tactical shift by foes of bigotry: "We are not interested simply in putting out the fires. We are far more interested in fire prevention—in securing our position against future aggravating circumstances that may be in store for us." 9-Q

Rep LAWRENCE SMITH, of Wisconsin: "The UN is as dead as prohibition." 10-Q





APPEARANCE—1

The story is told of a newspaper photographer who trailed Theo Roosevelt for wks, getting hundreds of "shots" of the hard-hitting Pres. One day, in the midst of a vigorous address, when his features were tense and contorted, he snapped him and when the plate was developed it revealed the Pres in a particularly ugly fashion. Months later the opposition used that photo with deadly effect. Later still, the photographer told Mr Roosevelt of the experience and said, "I had to follow you for wks and take hundreds of pictures to get one that suited our purpose."

"Then I am satisfied," said the good-natured "Teddy." "If I look that way only once in 7 wks, I must make a fairly decent appearance the rest of the time."—ROY L SMITH, "Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency," *Christian Advocate*, 12-25-'47.

BEHAVIOR—2

Life for some folks is to sow wild oats during the wk and then go to church on Sunday and pray for a crop failure.—*Rotary Disseminator*.

BUDGET—3

Today's nest egg is soon hatched.—MARCELENE COX, *Ladies' Home Jnl*.

CAPITALISM—4

Let's not have critics of capitalism talking it down when it's the only system in the world which enables a man to win \$525 on the radio by identifying the language,

starting with "E," which is spoken in England.—BILL VAUGHN, *Kansas City Star*.

CHILDREN—5

Children are a great comfort in your old age—and they help you to reach it faster, too.—LIONEL M KAUFFMAN, *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*.

CHIVALRY—6

Chivalry doesn't seem to be able to ever get off the ration list.—HENRY VANCE, *Birmingham News-Age-Herald*.

CONVERSATION—7

While discussing the art of making conversation, Mrs Franklin D Roosevelt says that one of her female relatives told her to use the alphabet in an emergency, beginning with "a."

"Let's see, 'a' stands for apples," you may think to yourself.

"Do you like apples?" you may then inquire of your girl friend or table companion. And so it goes with "b" and "c" etc.—DR GEO W CRANE, *syndicated col*.

COOPERATION—8

The various fruits had gathered to hold a discussion among themselves.

They wanted to discover the reason why no other fruit but the grape contains the juice from which the finest wines are made.

"Her drink is famous thruout the world and exquisitely pleasing to man's taste," they declared. "Why is she more worthy than we to be blessed with this gift of God?"

A cluster of grapes hanging nearby heard the complaint and repl'd, "All of you grow individually and produce your fruits independently but we grapes grow together in bunches and are faithful to each other. For that reason our substance is rich and capable of imparting such distinctive taste and fragrance to our wines."—*Bluebird Briefs*, hm, *Bluebird Bakeries*.

DISCRIMINATION—9

The Rev Jesse Weyman Route, a Negro pastor, tells of this incident:

In '43 he visited Mobile, Ala, as a musician and lecturer and was "insulted and pushed around." Before he ret'd to Mobile last mo, he rented a turban from a theatrical costumer, and when he stepped aboard a segregated southbound

train in Washington, D C, he began speaking with a "slightly Swedish accent."

In his wk in the Deep South, the Negro clergyman from N Y, with his turban and his accent, was treated by white civic, social, and political leaders as "a visiting dignitary." He stayed at "white" hotels, ate in "white" restaurants, traveled in "white" cars, and instead of "instinctive aversion," he encountered only kindness, courtesy, and respect.—*Survey Graphic*.

DIVORCE—10

The answer to an unhappy marriage is not necessarily a divorce. It is in understanding and eliminating the causes contributing to the unhappiness. Remarriage, without having rid oneself of the maladjustments which made the 1st marriage a failure, is futile and foolish. It is, as Dr Jules Guyot sagely observed more than 100 yrs ago, "like the wretched fiddler who demands another violin, hoping that a new instrument will yield the melody he knows not how to play."—SAM'L G KLING, "Why Marriages Fail," *Better Homes & Gardens*, 12-'47.

EDUCATION—11

A scholar—an American scholar—need not be a mbr of Phi Beta Kappa or even a graduate of a college or univ. He can be such if he will open his mind, in this decisive moment, to whatever bears on the great issue of human liberty, and not merely be ready to die for it or give money or food for it, but painfully to learn about it and, by day and in the dark watches of the night, meditate upon it.—R L DUFFRUS, "The Crisis and the Scholar," *American Scholar*, Winter, '47-'48.

FAME—12

Luke McLuke, famous columnist of the early 1900s, once said: "Fame is merely a pedestal on which the victim is placed in order to give the world a better chance to throw bricks at him."—*Phoenix Flame*.

FEAR—13

A man who is filled with fear, whether it be of losing his job, or his investment, or his health, is taking into his system a poison that will show itself in a defective personality. The man given to undue worry, to excess envy and jealousy, is literally saturating himself with negatives that will

tear down the positives needed to carry on. The craving to be worth while, to succeed and to excel, affords one of the strongest drives known to man. Our happiness and welfare depend on how we use that drive. — CALVIN T RYAN, "Health and the Business Man," *Trained Men*, 12-'47.

Prayer for Men in High Places

*Put understanding, Lord, I pray,
Into the hearts of those today
Who seek to guide us through
the storm*

*To ports where winds blow clean
and warm.*

*May they stand firmly, unafraid,
And swift to see new walls are
laid,*

*Not on the selfishness of men,
That soon will sway and fall
again,*

*But laid to serve a lasting good
Upon the rock of brotherhood.—*

INEZ CLARK THORSON, *Good Business.* 14

GIFTS—Giving—15

When the priests in ancient Alexandria wanted to increase their revenue they would close the temple doors and let it be known the gods were displeased with the offerings the people had been bringing. After a large crowd of worshippers had collected and their offerings satisfied the priests a fire was built on the "key" altar near the gates. Before the popping eyes of worshippers, the gates would open—untouched by earthly hands.

The explanation is simple. Under the altar was a chamber filled with air. A pipe led from this air chamber to a water-filled vat. Heat from the fire expanded the air inside. The pressure of the expanding air forced water thru the pipes into buckets attached to the temple doors. When the buckets were filled, they acted as counterweights and slowly opened the doors.—EUGENE W NELSON, "Tricks of Ancient Gadgets," *Science Digest*, 1-'48.

LANGUAGE—Expression—16

Little Susan's mother gave her a piece of rich chocolate cake. "Oh, I just love this chocolate cake!" Susan exclaimed. "It's awfully nice."

"Now Susan," corrected her

mother, "it's wrong to say you 'love' cake, and you used 'just' incorrectly in that sentence. Besides 'awfully' is wrong; 'very' would be much more correct. Now why don't you repeat your remark?"

Susan obediently complied. "I like chocolate cake. It is very good."

"That's much better, dear," said her mother.

"But," protested the child, "it sounds just like I was talking about bread."—F LOUIS FRIEDMAN, *Tracks*, hm, C & O Ry.

LOVE—17

When love adorns a home, other ornaments are a secondary matter. —Woodmen of the World Magazine.

MODERATION—18

Most persons know full well the value of moderation, but their weakness lies in trying to be moderate without missing anything.—O A BATTISTA, *Everybody's Wkly.*

NATURE—19

Have you ever stopped to consider what it would cost to light the world with sunshine if we had to pay for it? It has long been known that every sq yd of the earth's surface directly exposed to the sun's rays receives, on the average, 1½ h p. If we think of the supply of sunshine as a public utility, then every sq yd on which the sun shines rec's 1½ kilowatts continuously.

The cost for one 12-hr day of sunshine for the whole earth would be more than 100 million times a million dollars.

If our Federal Gov't were to have to pay for sunlight for the continental U S alone, it would call for an annual budget of \$686 trillion. —HARLAN TRUE STETSON, *Sunspots in Action*. (Ronald Press)

PEACE—20

What men call peace is never anything but a space between 2 wars; a precarious equilibrium that lasts as long as mutual fear prevents dissension from declaring itself. This parody of true peace, this armed fear, which there is no need to denounce to our contemporaries, may very well support a kind of order, but never can it bring mankind tranquility. Not until the social order becomes the spontaneous expression of an in-

terior peace in men's hearts shall we have tranquility. Were all men's minds in accord with themselves, all wills interiorly unified by love of the supreme good, then they would know the absence of dissension, unity, order from within, a peace, finally, made of tranquility born of this order: peace is the tranquility of order.—ETIENNE GILSON, *In the Spirit of Medieval Philosophy*. (Scribner)

PREJUDICE—21

The tight skirts of Prejudice shorten the steps of Progress. —Wesley News.

RADIO—22

Radio can be and is all things to all people . . . for those who want to hear it. Radio is a force for constructive education only to the extent that the public desires to be educated. We can't be of any assistance in the development of world understanding except for those people who want to understand world problems.

Radio has given its facilities to the spokesmen for world cooperation and internat'l understanding. But unfortunately, we cannot guarantee that everybody will soak up the message. —HOWARD CHAMBERLIN, news director of Crosley Broadcasting Corp'n, quoted in *Broadcasting-Telecasting*.



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AUTOMOBILES — Inventions: Brake control, developed by Electrol, Inc, Kingston, N Y, is said to prevent rolling on grades or creeping when car is stopped on level stretches. Device, called RolControl, operates electromagnetically, fits into brake system immediately behind master brake cylinder. Holds pressure on brakes until released by fingertip slide on gear shift lever. Dashlight indicator shows red while unit is in actual operation. (Business Wk)

HEATING — Ventilating: New kind of plate glass for windows not only absorbs heat and makes interiors 10 to 20° cooler, but also keeps the sun from fading fabrics. (LAWRENCE N GALTON, *American*)

RADIO: U S Bureau of Standards has developed new tiny radio—both sending and receiving sets small enough to fit into a vest pocket. Wiring circuits are printed on tiny vacuum tube with metallic paint; resistors are printed with carbon-resin paint. Condensers are flat disks. Greatest bulk is in small A and B batteries that power the set. Designed for ultra short waves, set has sending radius of perhaps 10 mi's, receiving about 50 mi's. Special gadget permits pickup of standard radio programs. Using same batteries to power sending and receiving sets, the entire set, except small earphone, can fit into a cigarette case. Patented design available to any mfr who cares to use it. (Dr HILTON IRA JONES, *Rotarian*)

TIRES: Firestone Tire & Rubber Co announces a tire tread designed to reduce skidding on wet and icy pavements. Small particles which are molded into the rubber fall out as the tire wears, leaving thousands of tiny suction cups. (Newsweek)

RELIGION—Health—23

Dr C C Jung, the distinguished European psychologist, writes, after 30 yrs' practice, "Among all my patients in the 2nd half of life, that is to say, past 35, there has not been one whose problem in the last resort has not been that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because he or she had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers, and not one of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook."—*Clear Horizons*.

RESPECT—24

First goal of the normal working man or woman is to gain respect of his fellow men, according to conclusions reached after a 15-yr research program by the Yale Univ Labor-Mgt Center.—*Stewart-Warnerite*, hm, Stewart-Warner Corp'n.

REPENTANCE—25

Man is no imperfect creature, waiting to be improved. He is a rebel. He needs repentance, and he cannot repent. Only a good man can repent, and only the evil man needs to repent. Repentance is not just eating humble pie. Repentance is tearing out from the warp and woof of us that which has been woven in us of self-flattery and self-conceit thru the yrs. It is full speed astern, beginning over again, a killing of a part of us. And we cannot do it alone. Any man who has tried it knows he cannot do it alone.—RICHARD C RAINES, "Glad Tidings to all People," *Arkansas Methodist*, 12-18-'47.

SCIENCE—26

Science, by itself, provides no panacea for individual, social, and economic ills. It can be effective in the nat'l welfare only as a member of a team, whether the conditions are peace or war. But without scientific progress no am't of achievement in other directions can ensure our health, prosperity, and security as a nation in the modern world...

We have no nat'l policy for science. The gov't has only begun to utilize science in the nation's welfare. There is no body within the gov't charged with formulating or executing a nat'l science policy. There are no standing committees of the Congress devoted to this important subject. Science has been in the wings. It should be brought to

the center of the stage, for in it lies much of our hope for the future.—Dr VANNEVAR BUSH, "Science, the Endless Frontier," supplement to *Fortune*.

SPEECH—Criticism—27

Criticism board for public speaking, recently patented, consists of a box in front of the speaker with electric signs visible to him which may be flashed on and off by critics in the audience. The one-word signs include such expressions as posture, force, pitch, emphasis and gesture.—*Science News Letter*.

SPEECH—Speaking—28

A long-winded lawyer had been talking for so long that the magistrate eventually made no attempt to conceal a yawn. With some sarcasm, the lawyer said: "I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court?"

"There is some difference," came the reply, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity." —*Man of the World*. (Great Britain)

Window Shopping

Walking down the Avenue
She scans the luxury shops—
Their rich display of beauty—
And now and then she stops
Entranced by mink or sable,
By pearls, or diamond-clip,
Orchids in florists' windows
Where scented fountains drip;
Baskets of fruit and candy,
Pale frocks of silk and lace,
Sheer hose and cobweb lingerie—

Of penury no trace . . .
Beyond the glittering windows,
Beyond this sumptuous fare
She sees the map of Europe
And the hungry children there.

—MARY ATWATER TAYLOR, *N Y Times*. 29

VALUES—30

Several yrs ago, David Sarnoff, of NBC, offered Einstein \$50,000 a yr to make a brief wkly radio talk.

The noted scientist declined. "I had rather talk to 2 or 3 people who understand me," Einstein explained, "than to talk to a million who do not." — *Christian Science Monitor*.

WAR—Peace—31

We didn't mind paying for a war we were winning but it hurts like blazes to pay for a peace we are losing.—*Construction Digest*.



A flick here, a flick there

Many books have been written recently on the questions of race, color and creed, but none has penetrated the skin of the reader as sharply as LAURA Z HOBSON's *Gentleman's Agreement* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.75). The story, threaded with emotional tension, makes you think about your own code, but

what is more important, it makes you think about your own silence. It's very easy to say complacently in your own mind, "I have no prejudice, I am tolerant . . ." But it is a different tale when you are called upon to do something about it.

In *Gentleman's Agreement*, Philip Schuyler Green, a Gentile, in N Y on a writing assignment, voluntarily took the mantle of Jewry in order to do a series of articles on anti-semitism. He felt that in this way he could see the Jew vividly as a personality identical with himself, with his own hopes and fears and loves and sensitivity. In the 6 mo's of the experience, he suffered many bitter insults, saw his child persecuted by his young school friends, almost lost the girl he loved, but thru it all he came to realize that it wasn't the big things that hurt most, but the little repeated flicks. As when his mother was ill and the doctor said:

"Mr Green, I want your mother to see a good internist. I'll make an appointment if you wish. Or do you have some good man you like?"

"I've been asking at the office," Phil said. "One of the editors recommends Dr Abrahams so highly, I made an appointment with him."

"Abrahams?"

"Yes, Ephraim, I think it is. He's at Mt Sinai or Beth Israel."

"Yes, yes, of course, then you won't need this then." Dr Craigie put a card on the table and Phil saw 2 names, Mason Van Dick and Jas Ayres Kent. "If you should decide however, that is, if you should decide to see either—"

The tone in Dr Craigie's words was too polite to raise an issue.

"What's the matter," asked Phil. "Isn't this Abrahams any good?"

"No, nothing like that. He's a good man. Completely reliable, and not given to overcharging and running visits out, the way some do."

"I see," Phil looked at him. "You mean 'the way some doctors' do?" (Do you tell even a doctor that you're Jewish? Was it necessary to produce that fact everywhere? Was it an affront to offer the unsolicited fact, when its very uttering carried the implication that it held importance to *him*, the listener?) "Or did you mean," he went on, "the way some Jewish doctors do?"

Craigie laughed. "I suppose you're right, I suppose some of us do it, too."

Then Phil had not given it the wrong reading. Us, Them; We, They. "If Dr Abrahams doesn't impress me, I'll try Van Dick or Kent. I've no special loyalty to

Jewish doctors simply because I'm Jewish myself."

Stephen Craigie swallowed. He laughed again. He folded the electrocardiogram and placed it in the Manila envelope on the desk before him. "No, of course not," he said. "Good man is a good man. I don't believe in prejudice. And do remember me to your boss."

That's all it was, Phil thought later. A flick here, a flick there. Craigie hadn't known he "was Jewish." If he had, he'd have been "more careful." But already this 1st wk, after he, Phil, had made it a known premise wherever he reasonably could, the same flick had come often enough. Sometimes it came only from an unconscious train of thought, as when he was walking down the street with Bill Johnson, of the *Times*, and the talk had turned to the atomic secret and politics in general.

"You were for Roosevelt?" Johnson began, and then added, "Sure you would be."

"Why would I be?"

Johnson hadn't ans'd. Phil let it pass. Flick.

Half a doz times, the same thing had happened. That's all these 1st days had given him. No big things. No yellow armband, no marked park bench, no Gestapo. Just here a flick and there a flick. Each unimportant. Each to be rejected as unimportant.

But day by day the little thump of insult. Day by day the tapping of the nerves, the delicate assault on the proud stuff of a man's identity. That's how they did it. A wk had shown him how they did it.



The Thousandth Man

RUDYARD KIPLING, British author and poet, died 12 yrs ago this mo in London. A master story teller, Kipling's writings brought him literary fame at the beginning of the 20th century. In 1907 he won the Nobel prize for literature.

This excerpt on friendship is abridged from *Rewards and Fairies* (Doubleday).

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.

And it's worth while seeking him
half your days
If you find him before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will
stand your friend
With the whole round world again
you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor
show
Will settle the finding for 'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of
'em go
By your looks, or your acts, or your
glory,
But if he finds you and you find
him,
The rest of the world don't matter:
For the Thousandth Man will sink
or swim

With you in any water . . .
His wrong's your wrong, and his
right's your right,
In season or out of season.
Stand up and back it in all men's
sight—
With that for your only reason!
Nine hundred and ninety-nine
can't bide
The shame or mocking or laughter,
But the Thousandth Man will
stand by your side
To the gallows-foot—and after!

GOOD STORIES

You Can Use

An efficiency expert went in to see the boss about his vacation. He came out with a hangdog expression on his face.

Asked what was wrong, he repl'd: "I only get 1 wk. The boss says I'm so efficient I can have as much fun in 1 wk as other people have in two."—*Tracks*, hm, C & O Ry. a

The school principal was trying to make the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence clear to his class.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each 3 ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the 1st one as representing Life; the 2nd as representing Liberty, and the 3rd as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Monday I will ask you each to produce the 3 buttons and tell me what they represent."

On Monday the teacher said to the youngest mbr: "Now, Johnny, produce your 3 buttons and tell me what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," the boy repl'd, holding out 2 of the buttons. "Here's Life, an' here's Liberty, but Mama sewed the Pursuit of Happiness on my pants." — *Thos L. Masson, Best Stories in the World*. (Doubleday) b

In the days of the Old West, a young college graduate inherited a ranch and went out to run it. He soon discovered that his cattle were being rustled and that his neighbor, who was a notorious killer, was the rustler.

Being a timid person, he was at a loss as to the best way to handle the situation. Finally, after much thought, he decided to send the man a letter. The message read: "Dear Neighbor: I would appreciate it very much if you would be more careful in the future about leaving your hot branding irons lying around where my stupid cattle can lie down on them."

He got results. — *W E GOLDEN, Coronet*. c

During a conversation with an old friend he hadn't seen for some time, a Fla farmer asked how he had been sleeping.

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

FRED N PALMER

Silas Jones, a typical Yankee villager, operated a gen'l store. Once when he asked for more credit than usual, the wholesale house sent a representative to check up. Jones' methods of doing business puzzled him.

"Mr Jones," he said, "what percentage of profit do you pretend to make on goods sold?"

After a few min's of pondering, Jones ans'd, "Young man, I don't know much about your percentage - of - profit business, but I figure that if I buy a horse whip for 50¢ and sell it for \$1.50, I ain't losing a heck of a lot of money."

He got the credit.—*Rotarian*.

"I sleep good nights," he said, "and I sleep pretty good mornings, but afternoons I just seem to twist and turn."—*Woodmen of the World Magazine*. d

A little girl wanted to earn some extra money for shopping and asked a man who lived next door if she might act as baby-sitter in case he and his wife ever needed the services of one.

The neighbor asked what she charged and she repl'd she didn't know. He said that the 1st thing in any business deal was to set up a scale of costs and suggested that she do so. She thanked him and went away but ret'd soon, handed him a slip of paper and said: "Here is my list of prices."

He read: "Charges for Sitting: sleeping babies—25¢; crying babies—35¢; wet babies—40¢; worse than wet babies—50¢."—*Tide*, e

During the war American soldiers in England refused to have their spirits damaged by the dense fogs. The col of the regiment, making a night tour of a certain camp, was challenged by a sentry who had been standing at his post for 2 hrs

in a driving rain.

"Who goes there?" challenged the sentry.

"Friend," repl'd the col.

Said the sentry, "Welcome to our mist."—*Jnl of Education*. f

Announcer: "Tell me, Miss La Tour, don't you find Beaudent Tooth Paste refreshing and pleasant to the taste?"

Girl: "I certainly do."

"Doesn't its snow-white foam reach to the farthest corners of your mouth?"

"It sure does."

"Don't you find that Beaudent makes your teeth sparkle like precious gems?"

"Yes, sir!"

"It is your opinion that Beaudent is by far the most popular tooth paste in the world?"

"Definitely."

"Well, Miss La Tour, you certainly have convinced me."—*Punch*. g

The young missionary nun knew but a few words of Arabic. Among them was bossy, which in the native spoken dialect means "look at me." As she kept repeating the word as best she could, accentuating the o, and thus saying "boossy," the old man she was treating bent his head and shifted uneasily on his stool.

"I certainly can't take care of his eyes if he doesn't show them to me," she complained.

"I understand that," ans'd an older Sister. "You are telling him to kiss you."—*Sister MARY ROBERTA, Catholic Digest*. h

The sgt was a moose of a man. The cook was about as little as they come and still be eligible for army service. The outfit was in New Britain back from action for a rest.

The sgt never praised anyone and the cook just seemed to live for a word of praise from him. In the safety zone behind the rim of gaunt, bomb-pocked hills, the men

persuaded the cook to get them something special for breakfast on their 1st day back.

Somehow he scraped together mat's for hotcakes. The boys said they were wonderful. The cook paid no att'n to them, but kept fluttering around the sgt who tucked huge stacks of them away, and didn't say a word. The cook could stand it no longer, and blurted, "Sarge, how's them hots?"

The cook walked on air all day after the sgt grunted, "They ain't as round as they could be."—ARTHUR J LARSON, *American Legion Magazine*.

Leap Yr Hint

The lass who has a yearning
To hook her man for keeps
Should pass some time a-learn-
ing
To cook before she leaps. —
FRANK MORRIS MIDKIFF, *Collier's*.

Sign in Mormon Salt Lake City restaurants warn: "No Smoking"—but there are ashtrays on the tables. A waitress explains: "The signs are for natives and the ashtrays for visitors."—*Kiplinger Magazine*.

Wee Babs has been sleeping in a room with a night light, but her parents decided she must learn to sleep in the dark.

"Do I have to sleep in the dark?" she asked when her mother turned off the light for the last time.

"Yes, Babs," repl'd her mother. "You are a big girl now."

"Well, then," asked Babs, "may I get up and say my prayers over again—more carefully?" — *New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

The photographer and his small son were walking along the st when a Negro passed them.

"Look Dad," exclaimed the youngster, "there goes a negative!" —*Tit-Bits*. (London)

This story may be apocryphal, but whether it is or not, it illustrates the bitterly ironical humor of brave people under a dictatorship, a humor that bodes calamity for all dictators.

On the st's of a city in Yugoslavia the police arrested an old man for distributing leaflets. At headquarters his dirty little knapsack proved to contain nothing more harmful than a handful of blank sheets of paper.

"What is the meaning of this?" the police demanded.

The old man smiled and repl'd, "The people know what I mean." — *Wall St Jnl*.

The collection plate was missing at a Talledega, Ala, church, so a hat was passed in its place.

As it passed from hand to hand, the hat was greeted with giggles and red faces. When the minister examined the hat he found it contained a card with the owner's name and the admonition: "Like hell it's yours. Put it back!" — PAUL SHAWVER.

A New Yorker named Millard Hopper is a disillusioned man. Tired of hearing friends brag about their forefathers coming over on the Mayflower or trekking to Calif, Hooper took up the offer of a genealogist and had his ancestry traced. Anxious to confirm the report, he went to the Holland Society, which unearthed the information that his great-grandfather was buried in Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn. Records there revealed that the century-old Stephen Merritt funeral parlors had prepared the body for burial, so Hopper wrote them for further information. Within a few days he was advised that his ancestor not only got the "de luxe" \$385 complete funeral back in 1850, but that only \$200 had been paid — and would he please remit \$185? — HY GARDNER, *Parade*.

Two mountaineers were complaining about the cold. "Nearest I ever came to freezing," said one, "was when I was holding the lantern for my wife while she cut the kindling." — *Family Circle*.

"For mgrs and overseers," proclaimed a great Chinese landown-

WISECRACKS

OF THE WEEK



Card playing can be expensive—but so can any game in which you hold hands.—*Indpls Transit News*.

When a man looks down at the heel, there's usually a trim ankle above it.—*Ry Employees' Jnl*.

A snore is an unfavorable report from headquarters. — BILL LAWRENCE, *Milwaukee Jnl*.

With nothing to see any more, they ought to call it the No Look. — GEO MYSELS, *PM*.

The practice of some African tribes of beating the ground with sticks and giving vent to blood-curdling noises is, says an authority, a primitive form of self-expression. This will be a comfort to golfers.—*Punch*.

er, "always give me married men." "And for what reason?" a visitor asked.

"Because," said the landowner, "I abhor the muddled reports that are sent to me by bachelors. They've never had to explain anything to a wife." — *Capper's Wkly*.

On a ship carrying emigrants from the Irish famine, most of the crew became ill with plague. Irish passengers were anxious to help, but their unfamiliarity with nautical terms made it almost impossible to instruct them in their duties. A Limerick man solved the problem by labeling the ropes with playing cards. The red suits were put in the fore part of the ship, black went aft; hearts and clubs took starboard; spades and diamonds went to larboard. Confusion ceased. Even the most obtuse landlubber, who wouldn't have the slightest notion how to set about splicing the main brace, couldn't misinterpret the order to haul down the ace of spades.—MARY WHITE FORD, *Holy Name Jnl*.



Paganism vs Christianity

After a thoro, painstaking survey of churches in one of the wealthiest Mid-west states, investigators conclude that farmers are rapidly becoming pagans. Maybe that's something you consider unimportant. Before dismissing the subject, however, turn to your dictionary and consult its definition of paganism.

Frankly, we are quite depressed at the church situation thruout the Mid-west. A woeful lack of good business judgment, rather than a lack of religious fervor, marks many church failures. But in numerous instances we find ample money and resources; the thing missing is sufficient desire to make a going religious center possible.

Worship of fat cattle and big crops—yes, even a shiny automobile—may be sufficient inspiration for some folks. Will the same be true in another generation or two?

We have inherited from our grandparents and our parents the basic principles of Christianity. Unconsciously perhaps, those principles have ruled our lives. Just what kind of a farm philosophy may we expect when those principles have been forgotten completely?

Frankly, the trend toward paganism concerns us far more than the hint of a business depression. — Editorial, *Successful Farming*.

How It Feels to Starve — W L WHITE, *Woman's Home Companion*, 1-'48.

There are 5 stages of starvation. First, you are hungry and fast losing surplus fat. Second, you are very hungry and losing essential protein weight in your muscles. You think of food constantly, plan imaginary meals and drool at even the sight of it in store windows. It is hard either to sit or to stand

still, you sleep fitfully and always dream of food.

Restlessness comes to a climax in the 3rd stage when you still have some reserves of strength left. If you see anyone carrying a pkg, you conk him or her on the head from behind with a brick and run with the bundle in the hope that it will contain potatoes or turnips which he has been bringing home to his children from the country.

After this point you collapse into starvation's 4th stage, in which you are too weak and dispirited either to lift a brick or to run. Now you don't think of food so constantly and conserve your strength by spending much time in bed. When you must get up, you feel dizzy and light-headed and go outdoors only in the daytime since you have night blindness from vitamin deficiency. You are listless, depressed, and it would take you all day to finish a job which a well-fed person could do in an hr. If you run onto some food, you gorge yourself like an animal and then vomit most of it afterward. Now you are vulnerable to pellagra, beriberi and scurvy, and wide open to any contagious disease, particularly pneumonia and tuberculosis . . .

Bloating is the beginning of the end and you now enter starvation's 5th and final stage. The bloating presently hits your intestinal tract, bringing diarrhea, with agonizing cramps many times a day, plus a cold sweat and a following weakness so great you lie limp afterward . . . Because your stomach has shrunk almost to atrophy and because you no longer secrete any digestive juices, you are no longer hungry. But your falling brain dimly remembers food as something valuable. If you get any, you

are apt to hoard it like a miser instead of nibbling it, hiding it away among the old rags on which you are probably sleeping . . .

As to just when you die, that depends on how plump you were at the beginning and how much food you get before the end. Death can come mercifully in a few mo's or it can drag out for yrs. But on a 1,000-calorie diet, the very strongest person cannot hope to go much over 2 yrs. Even if you are rescued just before then end, permanent damage has often been done. If brain tissue has been destroyed it can never be replaced. And growing children are often permanently crippled. They get rickets and, without milk, their bones and teeth fail to develop and frequently they are stunted for life . . .

There is, in every modern American home, a compact streamlined little gadget which in 1947 killed more people than died in Hiroshima.

Let us start with that wienie Jr left on his lunch plate, after eating the other two. Jr should have all he wants, because he is a growing child, unlike those children who get only 1,250 calories and who, as a result, are not growing. Of course there really isn't much meat in 1 wienie—only about as much as one of those 1,250-calorie kids ever sees in a wk.

So what do you do? You could put it back in the icebox but it would only clutter things up. You could eat it yourself but it might spoil your appetite for dinner. You could give it to the dog but you've already fed the dog, since you live in a country where people can afford to feed dogs.

So instead you do the following, and note carefully: slightly extending your right foot, you press your toe on the little pedal whereupon the lid of the garbage can flies open. If the enamel pail is already overflowing with burned toast, ends of slightly rancid butter, thick potato peelings and old steak tails, you compress this mass slightly so there will be room for Jr's wienie.

Finally, when you raise your toe from the pedal, the lid will fall shut. And this is bombs away!

